

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and
Character in Religion

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Editorial

I have learned

*To look on nature, not us in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often—
times*

*The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power*

*To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,*

And rolls through all things.

—Wordsworth.

PROSPERITY has its penalties. A growing boy hath need of a new suit of clothes very often. Sometimes institutions find themselves embar-

rassed by their growth. The Chicago University finds itself in that condition—a magnificent endowment to pay the teachers, but an exhausted treasury to pay current expenses. It is not enough to set a good cause a-going; you must remember the good cause must be maintained.

It is reported that the outward-going steamships from New York and Boston carry away about as many American tourists as ever. Is not this a case of going across the river to get water? These seekers after art, novelty or other recreative material must travel far before they will find what they are turning their backs upon in the World's Fair at Chicago.

We are surprised to find the announcement in *The Outlook* that the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has decided to withdraw from the ministry and is about to enter political life. Can it be that he who has succeeded in making so many new paths for a minister in London still finds himself handicapped so much that he prefers the outwardness of politics to the deadness of theology? He has prepared the way for the minister and the ministry that will do the work for which he now leaves the ministry. We are sorry he discontinues the battle against dead forms and hampering traditions on the inside.

NOTHING is more discouraging in the field of morals and religion than the short term of service which seems to satisfy the conscience of so many workers. Having given and received help for a time from a church or other institution, they seek to escape responsibility, toil and expense under shelter of the law of periodicity, and say "it is somebody's else turn now. I have done my share." Is it ever anybody's else turn to do your work? Have you "done your share" until life is ended? Are not the highest things eternal, and the obligations they impose perennial?

THE *Outlook* seems to justify its discouragement and covert reproach of the young men who leave the Congregational church for the Unitarian, on the score that they will probably find narrowness and bigotry whither they go. Of all pessimists they are the worst who justify the wrong by the argument of "you're another," and would discourage travel by the argument of a long road. Rather let the young men be encouraged to move on just as they feel cramping limitations and hurting environments. Truth and light lead ever onward. Let them be as quick to resent and escape Unitarian bigotry as Trinitarian bigotry, if such exists.

"SHALL DEPENDENT CHILDREN BE REARED IN POORHOUSES?" is the title of a pamphlet we have received, prepared by the friends of the movement described in the article entitled "An Encouraging Failure," which appears in another column. The pamphlet sets forth the condition of the law in Illinois, gives the text of the bill recently introduced into the Legislature, and sets forth the progress of the legislation on this subject in six or seven States, including Pennsylvania, which has, perhaps, the best system of any. We believe that a limited number of these pamphlets may be obtained by those feeling a special interest in the matter from Mr. George H. Shibley, 144 Oakwood boulevard, Chicago.

THE price paid for elegance is noticeable at the World's Fair. The New York State Building fittingly represents the "Four Hundred"; elegant, sumptuous, in perfect form. In the second story there is a great banquet hall too elegant to be used. All around there are indications of art too palpable for daily service. No lunching is allowed in the New York Building, while all around it the more modest, home-like State Buildings, notably those of Michigan, Wis-

consin, and Indiana, are thronged at the proper season with family groups from any State enjoying the contents of well-filled lunch boxes. These State Buildings are fulfilling the objects designed for them, places of rest and resort for all who may come. Something like this is observable in the church life of America. Our cities are burdened with churches that, like the New York State Building, are too elegant for use. They have over-reached themselves. Having lost sight of utility, they have thereby violated one indispensable canon of good art. This is a suggestion which the artist as well as the moralist may well consider.

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WE have received a little pamphlet on the Need of the Japan Unitarian Mission, containing a plea for this mission, floor and elevation plans of the building in course of erection for its uses, and a catalogue of the Jiyu Shin Yakko (School of Liberal Theology). Excellent business sagacity seems to have been exercised in the purchase of a site and the planning of the headquarters and theological school. It is calculated that the whole cost of land and building will be but \$6,500, and certainly this is a very modest outlay in consideration of the importance of the work. The little theological school, now entering upon its third year, seems especially admirable for its breadth. The preamble to the constitution reads:

This institution has been established for the purpose of promoting the philosophic and scientific study of theology and of religion, together with the practical application to life of the results of such study.

We question whether there is anywhere a better field than in Japan for the propagation and rapid growth of liberal religious thought, and we hope that all friends of the movement will give the cause such assistance as is in their power. For that purpose they may address Rev. Clay MacCauley, at 25 Beacon street, Boston, Mass., or Tokyo, Japan.

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CHANGE seems to be the order of the day among our periodicals. Last week we referred to the *Christian Union's* change of name, and this week we note that the *Cosmopolitan*, perhaps the best magazine in the world in the matter of illustrations and artistic finish, and quite abreast with others in respect to literary value, has reduced its price from three dollars to a dollar and a half.

The friends of UNITY will be pleased to know that we have availed ourselves of such an opportunity as is rarely offered, and have made an arrangement with the *Cosmopolitan* whereby we can offer it and UNITY to new subscribers for two dollars a year. We thought that UNITY was one of the cheapest publications in the United States, but having found one that is even cheaper, we have pooled our issues, and offer both at a discount. We do not believe that such an offer has ever been made before in the history of American journalism; we feel ourselves very fortunate to be able to make it; and we hope that it will enable us to double our list of subscribers. Will not UNITY's friends help us to do this? We must greatly increase our subscription list or UNITY cannot continue after the present year to do for its readers what it is trying to do. If you cannot get us subscribers you can send us the names of persons to whom we may send sample copies, or you can send to us for sample copies which you think you can use to advantage. Will not each subscriber of UNITY try to secure us at least one more?

THE PEACEMAKERS.

It has been a favorite commonplace in our social philosophy that war would eventually bring its own defeat. But gunpowder as a peacemaker does not seem thus far to have been very much of a success. The tendency now seems to be to lay it aside on account of its inefficiency. Our own government is spending at Sandy Hook thousands of dollars every month in experimenting on smokeless explosives, that the work of destruction may be more sure and sweeping. The prediction that the instruments of war will become so terrible and the work of destruction so sure and speedy that human courage will give way and no soldiers can be found to withstand the deadly implements, has little justification in history or in philosophy. It will not do to reckon on the cowardice in man to bring about peace. Human nature is a nery thing. There are no tasks so hard, no dangers so great but that the human soul will undertake the one and confront the other. War is the law of the lower orders of nature, the normal condition of primitive society, and it cannot be corrected by the weakness of men. We must

appeal not to the baser but to the higher motive.

What, then, are some of the forces that are at work ameliorating the horrors of war and bringing about the time when war will cease altogether; when, indeed, "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks"?

First comes the white light of intelligence, the study of hard facts. This age cannot compute its indebtedness to that brave Russian artist, Veretschagen, who has put on canvas the horrors of the march, the sickening tedium of the camp, the everyday misery of the hospitals, the ghastliness of the battle-field. His striking canvases went their rounds through the cities of Europe and America, shaming kings and queens, challenging those high in authority to beware how they let loose their grim dogs of war that leave such a train of agony behind them. No wonder that such an artist should become the terror of the iron-handed Czar. No wonder the military forces of Germany forbade the exhibition of these paintings at their recruiting stations because they depressed the spirit of enlistment, and that the British Government denied them recognition because they told such ghastly truths about its Christian (?) campaigning in India and elsewhere.

Philosophy, not charity; science, not sentiment, must eventually come in to vindicate the law of love over and above the law of hate. Once the genealogy of war is clearly understood, and it is known that the dominion of the cannon is nothing more nor less than the dominion of the bludgeon intensified, the power of the cannon will be gone forever and men will throw it aside, not because it hurts, but because it does not accomplish that which they hoped for. So long as men believe that one race has come into the world under the smile of a divine partiality, and that its prerogative must be maintained by some other providence than the law of the specific gravity of soul, which permits every one to contend for the highest prizes of life and allows those to win who deserve to win; so long as a king claims dominion by a divine right descended through bloody ancestors; so long as a priest claims a monopoly of celestial wisdom not to be disclosed to the uninitiated; so long as any compact of men, religious, industrial or

political, are unwilling to submit their claims to possessions, mental or physical, to the arbitrament of reason,—so long will war be inevitable; though it continue to devastate and debauch the individual, the home and the state. Madam von Suttner, the author of "Ground Arms," is right when she says that Darwin inaugurated the era of peace. Evolution is the gospel which teaches the inadequacy of the Law of Might and the coming supremacy of the Law of Right. Everything that makes for rationality; anything that probes through sham, that breaks down conventionality, that disarms blind prejudice, that puts the mind in sympathy with the universe by increasing its acquaintance with the laws of being, makes for peace. The awful enginery of destruction made more fiendish every year by new inventions, the thundering demon of Krupp, now on exhibition in the World's Fair, that sends his message of terror yelling through twenty miles of space, the devilish fish-torpedo of Sims and Edison that can be sent in complete control of the operator sneaking under water for more than two miles with two hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite in its bowels in search of some ship to blow up, are not going to put an end to war. Plenty of men may be found ready to offer themselves a willing sacrifice to these Molochs. But the skill and knowledge necessary to perfect these infernal prolongations of the claw and the fang which form so prominent a feature in the lower stages of evolution, necessitate a skill and develop an intelligence worthy of better things and deserving of better company. This developed talent will eventually carry its wares to a more responsive market; and war, like sorcery, witchcraft, the mutilations of the ascetic and the sacrificial slaughterings of the priest, will be left behind simply because the soul has found a better way.

Edison had defeated his own invention of the fish-torpedo before it was completed. That devil-fish has been disarmed by the telephone and the electric light. It is said that Maxim, the inventor of the automatic gun that will fire itself off at the rate of seven hundred and fifty shots a minute, is hard after the air-ship that is to be a success. When the successful air-ship comes, as come it will, it will impugn the vision of

the great dead singer who was made laureate by a crown of the old regime. He in imagination anticipated the time when the heavens shall be filled with commerce. Then he

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting,
and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling
in the central blue."

But no "ghastly dews" of human blood spilt in national strife will belong to the air-ship's age, for ere that time arrives the poet's other vision will have been fulfilled:

"When the war drum throbs no longer,
and the battle flags are furl'd,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
When the common sense of most shall
hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber,
lapt in universal law."

The skill of the bell-makers of Troy, N. Y., was sorely tried these past few weeks. It was hard to cast a peace-bell out of war metal, gathered from many sources. The diverse elements were loath to fuse. But we believe the bell is finished, and on the Fourth of July it rang out its message of universal peace among nations. It is a most prophetic symbol of the larger tasks given the friends of progress to engage in to-day. Let them bring on their diverse contributions from all the jarring fields of thought. Let them bring their relics from the battle-fields of trade, politics, and religion; and science, directing the workers for humanity, will forge a bell that will be a peace-bell, because it will ring liberty throughout all the land and declare freedom to every hand, head, and heart. Liberty to seek, not its own, but another's good; not blessedness far away, but blessings here and now. It is time our Fourth-of-Julys should rise above the noise and smoke of gunpowder into the hallelujahs of the soul that rejoices in the prospect of a "peace on earth and good-will to men," a peace that is to become corporate, organic, national, international, universal, and eternal.

THE IMMEASURABLENESS OF BEAUTY.

One subject summer always offers to our thought, Beauty. Beauty's defiant of definition, so hard to even analyze, but so *unlosable*. What is it? The Century Dictionary should know, but it helps one little to be told, "It is that quality of an object by virtue of which the contemplation of it directly excites pleasurable emotions." Emerson, following Plato, helps me more when he suggests that "the

new virtue which constitutes a thing beautiful is a certain cosmical quality, or a power to suggest relation to the whole world;" that "into every beautiful object there enters somewhat immeasurable and divine." My friend helped me still more, to whom I showed the picture of a beautiful boy-face, when she said, "It makes me think of all the beautiful things I have ever seen." A *cosmic* quality,—let us hold, at least, to that; and each beautiful thing by virtue of its beauty is related and akin to all else that is beautiful,—let us hold to that. The Greeks called Order and the Universe by one word, *cosmos*. It is not definition, it is only hint towards it, to say that Beauty is the cosmic order concentrated in individual things and radiating thence again. We see more than forms and colors; we see them, indeed *only* see these, in relation to each other and the All,—their symmetries and harmonies, their contrasts and their unities, their in-flowings and out-flowings from each other; and this *more* in the vision, this that we feel as with a sense behind the eyes, seems to be the "Beauty" of it. To intellectually analyze the vision is to seek the "True." To trace the influences of it and its causes upon life is to seek the "Good." So let us further hold to this,—the Beautiful, the True, the Good are *one*; a mystic trinity; three aspects of one essence, three summaries of one nature, three faces of the One God.

But to-day no more of definition; let us revel in the fact,—the universality of Beauty, the immeasurableness of Beauty; that, which everything illustrates, that to which there is no beyond.

We go abroad,—but *here* is Italy. We chase the summer beauty to the hills or sea,—but leave behind almost as much of it as all we go to. We love June,—but how lovely is the winter and the snow storm! We greet May,—but November brings chrysanthemums for weddings, and even February is a beautiful month to be born in.

Can we ever tire of the stately pomp of a day,—the *outside* of a day? A dawn and then a sunrise to begin it, a sunset and an after-glow to close it; the wheeling shadows of morning and afternoon, the noon's high light, the twilight quiets of color; and after the all-day blue and grey and white have passed, the stars

in the deep skies at night. Day by day of this make the year! And these days, all alike with sunrise, sunset, shadows, stars, yet so richly varying with the circuit of the seasons.

And then, inside the day, the separate things of earth,—each thing a world of beauty that can be entered and explored only to reveal, within, new worlds all beautiful. The things that seem at first least fair, fair enough in inner aspects; the very rottenness and foulness and decay and death of things, beautiful enough, when dissected and scanned, each portion by itself,—decay and death being but recreation on some lower scale, in which, as in the great Genesis, the Creating Power pronounces each thing good.

Add the beauty visible if eyes there were to see it, but which there are no eyes to see,—each sea-shell on the untrod beach; the atom's tiny shell at the bottom of the ocean ooze, or compacted in the white tomb of the chalk cliff; the wood-grain hidden in the tree's trunk,—halve the smallest block and you double the beauty; the flowers in the wide wildernesses; the splendors of the moths emerging from the summer nights.

To this add the beauty which the microscope reveals in every structure which can be cut thin enough to be glassed beneath a lens: that night-moth's wing-dust becoming a field of the cloth of gold; a pin-point of refuse becoming a heap of glittering gems; a tiny section of a red rose petal turning to a flush of sunset sky!

Add all the beauty born to die in its birth-instant,—that *timeless* beauty with which Nature is so lavish; the foam-gleam on the ocean; the sun-gleam in the forest; the spark within the dew-drop, and the sparkle on the brook; the snow-flake's sudden star; the flash as of the seven heavens when the light-ray and a falling rain-drop counter; the flit of smiles upon the human face, the music in the intonations of our syllables.

And add, once more, the beauty hidden to most eyes but revealed to artists, poets and nature-lovers: that for which no microscope is needed and no journey, but it waits at the wayside, under foot, at the turn of the road, at the rise of the hill. Man is a beauty-animal as he is a land-animal,—he must have both to live on; yet many of us seem not

fully born, but to be living still in our embryonic gill-conditions in our beauty-world. In common landscapes common eyes see nothing to remark. Less common eyes see and say, "How pretty!" The artist sees, thrills, stays, pictures, and lo! how much can we save on dinners and on clothes to buy this copy of what the artist saw where we saw nothing? The poet sees and thrills and sings, and the daffodils, from winters all secure, laugh and toss forever in his song. Rightly or wrongly, we claim private property in land, but can one market the landscape? Yes, if greedy enough, he can, by fencing in his hill-top or his park, by boxing up the waterfall approach as in Switzerland or at Niagara of yesterday. But do this, and it still is doubtful whether you *have* yourself the landscape that you claim, the sea-front that you market. The owning depends upon a pocket-book; the *having* depends on eyes and head and heart. The old farmer sometimes sells with his acres values above ground as undreamt of by him as any gold mines under ground. The fisherman's rocks would not bring \$2 an acre; before long \$250 will not buy them. What has happened to the rocks? Only eyes have arrived that *see* them,—and now the world comes and covets.

So is it everywhere,—a new world opens for each new growth in eyes. Be the Columbus and you need no caravels to reach it. And it is a joy to know that we may all become Columbus to ourselves; for we can all grow new eyes to see, explore, report. The picture, poem, music, architecture may yet be yours and mine; and better still, the flower, the sky, the wood-walk yet be ours. Thoreau, Burroughs, Warner, Jeffries, Mrs. Miller, are our past masters and past mistress in this art of discovering new worlds in the old. In the new century that nears, the tenderer century when "pigeon-shoots," it may be hoped, will go the way of bull-fights, and fishing be no more a "sport" for *men* than butchering, boys and girls will learn to greet the rocks and flowers and trees as old acquaintance, to take portfolios for the game-bag, catch birds with kodaks, not a gun, and instead of trout bring home the secrets that Nature has been telling them among the woods and streams.

The immeasurableness of Beauty! As we think it over, vista beyond

vista, thus a side thought opens. It is the contrast in respect to durability between beauty in Nature and beauty in Art,—Art, which is but man's imitation, interpretation, exaltation of the beauty that he feels in Nature. Lowell, in his birthday lines to Holmes, speaks of "Fame's great antiseptic—Style." Beauty in Art is the great antiseptic, the grand preservative of work. If man-made, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Poor work vanishes; make it beautiful, it tends to last. A song lasts longer than a law, a poem than a treatise. A poor torso of a perfect statue draws the world, and the mute maimed marble has ten thousand lovers to the living woman's one. But with Nature, beauty seems preservative of nothing. "Timeless," we just now said of certain gleams and glows of it; but what to her seems more than gleam and glow? What besides the stars attains the *other* meaning of that word, "timeless?" Faded sunsets, vanished Junes, lost chords, lost smiles, forgotten heroism,—the past is made of them! Is Nature spend-thrift, then? Rather, she is impotent to *not*-make beautiful. Of her perfect she fails often, but her very failures fail not, save in contrast with her own successes, to be beauty. Yesterday's sunset, yesterday's self-devotion vanishes, but light and love will be as freshly full of miracles to-day and every day forever.

And yet such vanishing of beauty almost terrifies when we are thinking of our immortality. Can such finish be expended on the sea-shell, on the petal, on the human face, and then can Nature so instantly dispense with it? If so, why may she not dispense as promptly with the *spirit's* beauty? Is a *soul* too beautiful for even Nature not to hoard it? Plato's high-reaching word was: "If a man has eyes to see the true beauty, he becomes the friend of God and immortal." But the answer must lie higher yet: We are not merely beauty which is manifested, but of *that which manifests itself* in beauty. To be "spirit"—this is the great faith—is to partake of the eternal source whence all beauty springs.

And at this very point one more vista opens. Granting the new life, what may its new senses show us? If microscopes ever report more beauty found, if artist-eyes never exhaust it, if new sensitiveness is always flattered by its new surprises, then what

may new senses in a new and spirit body reveal! Perhaps Heaven staring at us! Heaven *here*, all around us, only waiting to be seen! The kingdom of heaven literally "at hand." Think you we hear the *full* music of the running river, of the chanting wind, of the rustling pine, of the climbing sap-stream in the grasses? If the outside of June be so beautiful, what may the *inside* be? "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath the heart of man conceived" the beauty which may dawn in everything familiar when death opens the eyes. W. C. G.

BUSINESS PANICS.

Of the more immediate causes of business panics, most may be included under the general principle of disturbance of mutual confidence. For on this confidence modern business is based. Capital is loaned on the confidence that it will be repaid with interest,—and if this confidence ceases, it is withheld. It is invested in the confidence that it will pay certain profits; and if this ceases, industry is checked, fewer workmen are employed, less wages paid them to spend, demands decrease, prices fall, and many establishments have to stop, and perhaps ruin their owners in the process. So far-reaching and interlaced are all the fibers of the industrial system, that the condition of one affects all the rest. All work together as one, and can only work with mutual trust. When for any reason this trust fails, the system partly stops.

Of the more immediate causes of the troubles to-day, most come under this principle. Whatever of the many assigned causes you prefer,—whether the dishonest transactions of cordage companies and Reading Railway and whiskey trust; or the honest failure of banks and business firms that could not carry their burdens; or the dread of cholera deranging trade; or Homestead riots and labor strikes, making employers fear to extend their business and try to contract it; or the uncertainty of a Presidential election and of tariff legislation, making manufacturers uneasy and disposed to diminish their productions and suspend them for a season,—all of these alleged causes work through that principle of diminished confidence. And the practical lesson of it is, for all and each to do the utmost to restore the con-

fidenee, to do away with dishonesty, to discountenance disturbing speculations, to stop strikes and riots, to help laborers and employers to see their common interests, and to work for a commercial system which—whether high tariff or reformed tariff or no tariff at all—shall at least not be tinkered by every Congress, but have some permanence, so that manufacturers can trust it from one term to another, and not be disturbed even by Presidential elections.

But we want to work not merely for mutual trust, but for a condition of things that can be trusted. Here is a second principle quite as important as the first. Trust is often carried too far, and then becomes a deeper cause of commercial panics than the immediate one of distrust. Before the distrust begins, and often as a necessary reason for its beginning, extreme confidence has carried men into airy enterprises and reckless speculations and expenditures, which have to be checked by a season of distrust. A long period of prosperity is wont to make men too confident of results which the laws of nature will not allow. They extend their enterprises, call for more labor; wages rise, workmen have more to spend and still further increase the demand for all sorts of products, and so lead employers to extend their business again and again, and the general prosperity rises higher and higher. Capital increases and is loaned ever more readily; new men borrow it and go into business with the same result; and industry seems to have secure possession of an upward and enlarging course that will never end. In the easy times business morality grows less strict; regular trade passes into rash schemes for making money faster, and even crooked ways of making it sometimes come to be condoned and looked upon as almost legitimate. So the work goes on until confidence is overdone, and honest Mother Nature calls a halt. Dishonest firms get caught in their own trickery and go down, honest ones which had assumed larger burdens than they can bear break under them, and the reaction sets in. Distrust begins and increases, failures breed failures. It is Nature's way of correcting the over-confidence that had run wild. We want to work for mutual trust among men, but still more for honest and solid business methods that can be trusted.

THE CRY OF THE MUTE.

The cheering word comes that, owing to the prompt action taken by the National Humane Society, the cow-boy race to Chicago, from the Western plains, has been robbed of its worst features, and although a cruel thing, is not as bad as was at first expected. And to the credit of the press be it said that they have their share in this consummation so devoutly wished. This leads me to urge once more what I have so often urged upon the writers for the press, that they add this theme to the many noble ones that now engage their pens. There are already many noble men and women who are saying their wise, strong words in behalf of the poor, suffering mute creation. But many more are urgently needed. Probably no class of people could do as much to educate and awaken public sentiment in this matter as the writers of the country. Even the clergy speak to a limited audience compared to that which any good newspaper writer addresses. And how purposeless and ephemeral much of their writing is! The mere stringing together of pretty words, into pictures of more or less power and brilliancy, is not necessarily a very noble work, although it gains dignity when we speak of it, as a whole, as literature; but the stirring up of noble thoughts and impulses in the human heart, the elevating of the mind above mere selfishness—that is noble and profitable and enduring, be the words spoken ever so brokenly, and although the numbers may halt and limp in inartistic fashion. And the cry for help in this good cause deepens day by day. The brutes at our very doors are beseeching us. The brutes far away on wide Western plains, subject as they are to fiendish tortures, are beseeching us. The winged wanderers of the air, as they cut the blue with their flashing wings, are beseeching us. The little children all over the land, held in thrall by the despotic bonds of ignorance and vice, are beseeching us. And helpless old age, in many nooks and corners, in the keeping of coarseness and cruelty and greed, is beseeching us. The noble army of the great and gifted already working for humanity are beseeching us to give time and attention, money and influence to this good cause. Let no voice that can plead for the helpless keep silence. H. T. G.

Contributed and Selected

A CHRISTENING SERVICE.

The following service, daintily printed, comes to us from one of our parishes. It is designed to give one to the parents of the child after the name has been inserted in the proper place. It may be too late for others to copy this service of flowers and of christenings; but it will surely be interesting reading to many who are doubtful about the possibility of beauty and feeling in connection with natural religion. The rational faith has large place for the sentiments.

Welcome to the Little Children.

"He set a little child in the midst of them."

The People sing:

MOTHER AND CHILD.
(*Marlow.*)

My child is lying on my knees;
The signs of heaven she reads;
My face is all the heaven she sees,
Is all the heaven she needs.

I also am a child, and I
Am ignorant and weak;
I gaze upon the starry sky,
And then I must not speak.

For all behind the starry sky,
Behind the world so broad,
Behind men's hearts and souls doth lie
The infinite of God.

Lo! Lord, I sit in thy wide space,
My child upon my knee;
She looketh up unto my face,
And I look up to thee.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Pastor reads:

Then were there brought unto Jesus little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

And again the disciples came, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven; and whoso shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

And he took them up in his arms, put his hands on them and blessed them.

The Children come for flowers and remain clustered around the table.

The Parents enter with their little ones, the Children singing:

Lead us, Heavenly Father,
Lead us, Shepherd Kind!
We are only children,
Weak and young and blind.
All the way before us
Thou alone dost know;
Lead us, Heavenly Father,
Singing as we go.

Welcome by the Pastor:

Dear friends, amid the beauty of the new-born flowers we welcome these, your new-born children, to the family

of God upon the earth. By bringing them to be given their names in our Church Home you bear witness to your grateful joy that they are yours in God. We share with you that sacred joy, and greet as kin of ours your little ones who will to-day receive their names among us.

Mothers, fathers, you can scarcely deepen here, or at this moment, the consecration which your children have already laid upon you by their birth. By that birth which you, not they, invited, you stand already pledged to them, and pledged to God who gave, to make them pure and beautiful and holy, as far as in you lies,—pure like this clear water, symbol from old time of baptismal purity; beautiful in their unfolding, like these flowers; happy as child-life can be made by prayer-led love. Behold in us the witnesses of your consecration to the duties, the dignities, the joys of parentage.

Mother, by what name shall this, your child, be known upon the earth?

The Mother answers.

Thus shall it be. Henceforth thou shalt be called

.....
the name thy parents give thee now. May thy name be blessed to thee, and be honored among men!

May the Father's holy spirit, which is in thee, keep thee noble, keep thee pure!

May God, the Mother and the Father of us all, be dear to thee, as thou art dear to God.

After each christening the Pastor gives a flower, and the children softly sing:

Hallelujah, Amen!

As the Parents withdraw, the Choir sings:

O beloved little children,
Blessings upon you fall!
Heavenly peace and blessings
Gather on your way!
Ye are all weak and helpless;
But the good Father guards,
Watches and shields you always,
With merciful love and care.

O beloved little children,
Blessings and light descend
On the dear love parental,
Which hath offered you here!
Hallowed and consecrated
By holy song and prayer,
May love be filled with wisdom
To guide the feet of the child!

The People sing:

THE LITTLE ONES.

(*Manoah.*)

All hidden lie the future ways
Their little feet shall fare;
But holy thoughts within us stir,
And rise on lips of prayer.

To us beneath the noonday heat,
Dust-stained and travel-worn,
How beautiful their robes of white,
The freshness of their morn!

Within us wakes the childlike heart;
Back rolls the tide of years;
The silent wells of memory start
And flow in happy tears.

O little ones, ye cannot know
The power with which ye plead,
Nor why, as on through life we go,
The little child doth lead.

F. L. HOSMER.

Benediction.

RELIGIOUS WORK WITH AND FOR FOREIGNERS.

READ AT THE CONFERENCE OF LIBERAL MINISTERS AT MENOMONIE, WIS., MAY 11, BY REV. KRISTOFER JANSON.

Being a foreigner myself, I am requested to-day to speak about religious work with and for foreigners. And being a theme of discussion, I think the meaning is: Will it be advisable for the American Unitarian Association to maintain missionary work in a foreign language any more? The economical side we will put entirely aside for the moment, because the American Unitarian Association, if it cannot afford to support foreign missions, of course must drop them, and then there is nothing more to say about it. But supposing the American Unitarian Association be able, as it has commenced to support religious work among foreigners, will it then be advisable to do that in foreign language, or should it not be preferred to force the strangers into the English, as those people have become, and intend to stay as American citizens? The latter question I will decidedly answer with No, because you cannot reach the foreigners in any other way than through their own language. Even if the persons have stayed here long enough to understand the daily talk and help themselves along in the stores and at the workshops, their heart is not in their new language, and they can scarcely understand a sermon or a lecture, where a little richer or higher language is used than the common slang. I have experienced it myself. I tried to speak once a month in English, but I had only half the audience and I had to give it up. And it is a common remark to hear when my people listen to English-speaking pastors, "He speaks too high for me," even if it be very plain. I must confess myself that an English speech never makes the impression on me as a Norwegian. It strains me more or less to listen to it, and the covering of the thoughts seems cold and bare. Remember also that most of the people coming here, from the Scandinavian countries at least, are uneducated people of the middle age, when they do not so easily catch any new language, especially as most of them have not learnt any other tongue than their own or have not the slightest key to understand the strange sounds that float around their ears. This is especially the case out in the country. I have met farmers that cannot understand, not speak, not read a line of English, though they have stayed here for twenty-five or thirty years. These people live, of course, in a colony of their countrymen.

But will not this supporting of their own language keep up the clanishness and hinder the assimilation with the American people? I think not. Force will simply not do in this

case. And the assimilation will go on quite naturally by means of the children learning English at the common school. In the cities, even the first generation born here, or arrived here as smaller children, will have emancipated themselves from their native language; in the country, the third generation, I think. At Minneapolis I am compelled already to use English in my Sunday school because the children are more familiar with that and think it easier. If you speak to them in Norwegian, they will answer in English. The assimilating process will go quite naturally without any force or push.

* * * But let the older people enjoy their own native tongue. The language covers for them all the dear remembrances of their old home, their customs, their history; and when they hear it again all their slumbering faculties awaken, their eyes sparkle, their hearts beat, and even the plainest talk makes a deep impression on them, because they can so thoroughly accept and absorb it. A language is a holy thing. It is not like the grinding of a coffee mill—only a monotonous sound. It is closely connected with the heart strings of the people, with the awakening of their intellect and with all their deeper feelings. If you, therefore, will educate the immigrants, especially when you have new thoughts to offer them, use their own language or you will never succeed. The assimilation belongs to the future and takes care of itself. And the liberal gospel, preached and accepted by foreigners in their native tongue, makes it easier for them to assimilate later, because the new ideas have torn them off from national and religious prejudice and intolerance. * * * Difference of nationality includes hundreds of things and all of importance. It is conceded by all that a heathen mission, if it shall succeed, must educate native preachers, or that the missionary must live entirely into his people and become like one of them. But be that so, it will also apply in the relation between European and American. Of course the difference is not so great as between a Chinese and an American, but still there is a difference. They may be highly civilized people, both of them, still there is a great difference and both of them feel it instinctively. Now, for instance, myself. If I stayed here a hundred years I would never be Americanized. The rules of society, of politeness, the mode of thinking and reasoning and speaking and writing are of another kind. They are against my nature, my education, my customs. I may love and admire many Americans, but I will never become like one of them. You cannot deprive the leopard of its spots. And the extreme mutual flattery in their conversation that is the proof of good education, the lack of what the Germans call "Gemuthlichkeit" in their society life, the letter-worship

and form-worship, especially in religious matters, which is an inheritance from the Puritan fathers, and which has created its strongest expression in closing the World's Fair on Sundays, the, in our opinion, ridiculous prudishness in their literary taste and criticism, the Anthony Comstock censoring,—in short, the whole spiritual atmosphere, is something so entirely different that a European never will feel at home in it. And he will on his side seem to Americans too free, too frank, too rough, too aggressive, too familiar perhaps. Even if the poor immigrants cannot explain why, they will feel the difference at once. And therefore if you will establish a mission of any kind among them, use one of their countrymen, who is familiar with their customs, their food, their mode of living and reasoning and thinking, their history, the nature of their country, their prejudices and vices as well as their virtues, and let him work among them in their own language, not in opposition to their adopted country, but leading them by his knowledge of both countries and their demands into a closer relation to the new institutions and forms, wherein they now shall live.

America, and the West especially, is predestined to become the wonder witch-kettle, where nearly all the nationalities of the world shall mix and mingle, and at last be boiled together to one new nation, who shall bear the stamp of every one of its many parents, I hope, by selecting their virtues and letting the dregs sink to the bottom. And it will be of great importance for the future of America whether those foreigners are led into liberal progressive ideas in regard to political, scientific, and religious matters or they shall become backsliders. The fourth part of the population of Minnesota, for instance, is Scandinavian, and they are very numerous in Wisconsin and all over the West. Will not that be of some importance for the future of Minnesota and Wisconsin? It will not do for Unitarianism to approach the Catholics. Their crowds are too ignorant and too tied up to the apron-strings of their ministers. And among the Protestants I should say that the Germans, the Dutch people, and the Scandinavians ought to have the preference. I can only speak for my own countrymen. They are in some respects excellent materials for liberal ideas. They are born republicans, have an inherited love of freedom and self-dependence, are a hard-working, courageous, frugal set of people, apt to become pioneers. As a rule they are more educated than the crowds of Southern Europe; most of them can read and write. The drawback with them is their stubbornness in clinging to the inherited religious orthodox ideas, and their leaders, the Lutheran ministers, fanaticize them in that respect. I receive frequently letters calling me the Devil and Anti-

christ, and there is a rejoicing all along the line now, because they shall get rid of me for a year. But this intolerance and narrow-mindedness causes a great many of the intelligent young men and women, touched by the livelier influx of ideas and surroundings, to withdraw entirely from all religious work, to look upon religion and church with distrust and scorn as an old barbaric relic from the past. To them the liberal gospel comes like a liberation, because their inmost soul is longing for some higher life, and I have received many letters gratefully thanking me for what I have done for them. Since the foreigners are in the majority here West, it will not be good policy for American educators, and among them I count the American Unitarian Association as one of the most important, to pass by this element in silence without trying to influence them; and in order to do that they must support foreign workers in the foreign languages as their means permit it.

—From the Liberal Co-Worker.

AN ENCOURAGING FAILURE.

Our General Assembly adjourned Friday, the 16th ult. House bill 700, providing that it shall not be lawful for an overseer of the poor to send any child between the ages of 2 and 16 years as a pauper to any poorhouse for support and care, but that such children as are charges upon the public shall be cared for in respectable families, or in institutions especially designed for the care of children, passed third reading in the House Wednesday, the 15th ult., at about 4 p. m., too late to be taken over to the Senate and put through first reading. As three readings on as many different days are required, this most beneficent provision failed to become a law. This is deeply to be deplored, but as the bill was not introduced into the House until March 30, its failure to get through the Senate was not unexpected.

This bill is the outcome of the appointment at All Souls Church of a committee to formulate a plan whereby there may be incorporated in this State a society for the care of dependent children in private families. It was at once discovered that a large number of dependent children are being cared for in poorhouses along with the idiotic and, in some cases, the insane. After an examination of the laws of the several States, and consultation with those who make it their duty to see to the enforcement of these laws, the bill was drawn and placed in the charge of Hon. Godfrey Langhenry, a member of the House from this county, who, by careful attention, secured its passage in the House. In the Senate, the bill was placed in the charge of Senator Aspinwall, but at too late a day to become a law. We extend to these gentlemen our most sincere thanks, and trust that they may be members

of the next General Assembly, and that they will not be weary in well doing.

It will interest the readers of *UNITY* to know that apparently the only opposition to the bill was from one in charge of an industrial school who desired such an amendment as would place all dependent children in their institutions rather than leave it optional as between institutions and private families. The Roman Catholics are pleased with the bill because of the fair treatment accorded them in the provision that "the children shall, so far as practicable, be placed in families or institutions of the same religious denomination as that in which they were baptized; in case they have not been baptized, then in the families or institutions holding religious views similar to those of the parent or parents." G. H. S.

Correspondence

THE INDIAN AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

DEAR SIR—In view of the recent threatened trouble from a certain portion of the Navajo Indians, in Arizona, Lieutenant Plummer, U. S. A., the Acting Agent, has asked the co-operation of the Indian Rights Association in carrying out a project which may save future bloodshed, and will undoubtedly tend strongly to promote the civilization and education of these Indians. He expresses the wish that some of the wildest of the Navajos should be taken on a visit to the East, so that they may see a few large boarding and day schools, and have an opportunity to form some idea of the work of the whites. There are many Indians in the northern part of the reservation who have no idea of civilization at all, and if they had an opportunity to form some conception of the power of civilization, their absurd notions of their own importance would be overcome, and their objections to education, which are now a serious obstacle to the work of the Government in that direction, would be removed. Lieutenant Plummer thinks that this plan, if carried out, will "save much trouble that is sure to come soon unless there is a decided change in the present condition of affairs on and about this reservation."

I have written to the Department at Washington asking their approval of this plan, and in response I am informed that the Department heartily approves, but has no money at its disposal to carry the project into effect. The Department has since officially authorized the Association to proceed with the project, provided we can raise the necessary funds. We therefore propose to raise a fund sufficient to carry out the plan,—at least to send a limited number of Indians, under proper supervision, as far as Chicago while the World's Fair is in

operation, to a sight which will probably convince them of the power of our civilization, and that they should fall in line with it without delay.

Will those to whom this plan commends itself, and who care to assist the Association in carrying it out, kindly forward such contributions as they wish to make to it to this office so soon as convenient? The entire amount needed will be about \$700. We have already secured about \$200. Small contributions as well as large ones will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged.

Newspapers can render aid by printing this letter, or otherwise informing their readers of the project.

Respectfully, HERBERT WELSH,
Cor. Sec. Indian Rights Assn.
1305 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

SERMONS AGAINST CRUELTY.

DEAR UNITY: Did you ever hear a minister preach upon man's duty to the brute creation? Did you ever hear a sermon upon cruelty to animals? or to children? or upon any other form of cruelty? I have been a pretty constant attendant upon their ministrations for over forty years, and I never did. Is the theme unworthy of their attention?

INQUIRER.

The Study Table

THREE STORIES.*

The review editor of *UNITY* has recently been reading three very different books, which may be regarded as characteristic of as many schools of fiction. Amanda M. Douglas' "Larry," which won the *Youth's Companion* prize of \$2,000, is an old-fashioned tale, which seeks to please the reader with the story of an attractive little gentleman, who, though well-born, spent his early years in poverty, and after his widowed mother's death became a newsboy, was sent West by the aid society and practically adopted by a lovable old-maid farmer, who, though always kind-hearted and generous, had previously led a pretty bare and lonely life. She is perhaps forty; the ten-year-old waif awakens the motherly instinct of the woman and becomes as dear to her as her own flesh and blood. She is well-to-do and gives the boy a superior education, and her love for him prompts the plain countrywoman to cultivate her own mind and manners, that she may continue his companion. The strength of the love between these two, and its effect upon their lives, is, of course, the best thing in the book. Other features of the work are not so commendable. For one thing, the picture is too rosy; we are told that the boy had undergone hardships before the story begins,

*LARRY. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper, pp. 242; 50 cents.—MY WICKEDNESS: A Psychological Study. New York: Cleveland Pub. Co. Paper, 16mo., pp. 88; 35 cents.—ASLEEP AND AWAKE. By Raymond Russell. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 200; \$1.00.

but so far as we really see him in the story he is an enchanted prince. His companions and teachers all have an excellent influence over him, his "Aunt Mat" grows steadily richer, he discovers a coal mine on the farm, which makes her independent, and finally two fortunes come to him from his own relatives, who are anxious to give him all that wealth and the highest social position can accomplish. Then, too, there is the conventional villain; not a blood-stained bravo, or one of the harrowing villains, but a beefy, brutal farmer, whose spite against Larry and his "Aunt Mat" is strong, but never effects anything. The falsity of the picture is not in painting his faults too black,—doubtless there are many mean and brutal men,—but in failing to so much as hint at a redeeming trait in him. There is no real attempt to paint a man here; he is a mere lay figure, a foil for the good "Aunt Mat" and Larry. Inasmuch as the story was primarily written for children, it was not deemed wise to endow him with any very fiendish traits or horrible deeds; but the principle is the same,—he is the conventional villain. The story is, on the whole, superficial. Although supposed to be for children, little or nothing is presented of the real interests and problems of child life.

Yet, when compared with the other books mentioned in the heading, we are disposed to turn back to this representative of the old school of literature with pleasure; because it is clean and wholesome. True, it does not feed the whole man, but in a measure ministers to his better nature.

"Asleep and Awake" belongs to the introspective romantic school, and "My Wickedness" to the radical psychological school. The latter is very well written and seems really to deserve its sub-title, "a psychological study;" but it is the study of a sorely diseased mind, and, being thus abnormal and horrible, seems better adapted for the physician and the criminologist than for the general reader. It is the journal of an inmate of a Parisian lunatic asylum, who has committed a number of horrible murders, whose madness consists in recurring frenzies of blood-thirstiness, and in an almost total absence of moral sense at all times; yet regarding himself he seems to have formed a certain tentative philosophy of life. Aside from the general fact that the book devotes itself so exclusively to the dark side of life as to be unwholesome, it has the further defect, from an artistic standpoint, of representing the prominent characters in the book other than the hero as almost equally abnormal.

The third book tries to handle the great problem of life without the adequate ability. It is the voice of one who has ambition, with little talent and no genius. It distinctly fails to prove what it was professedly de-

signed to establish, and rather serves unnecessarily to cast doubt on that great truth. The author perceives the falsity of many of our conventional rules of morality, and feels an immense superiority over the rest of the world in consequence thereof. The truth the book contains only serves to make it more dangerous, because it is morbid. We hope that the writer will withhold her pen for several years; and when she has been longer awake we trust that she will write more wholesomely. F. W. S.

PRINCETON SKETCHES. By George R. Wallace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, large 8vo., pp. 200; \$2.—Princeton Sketches, by a recent graduate of the college, has more than a local interest. It gives us interesting glimpses of the development of one of the few institutions in America that have become historic. "Nassau Hall" dates back to the time when William of Orange and Nassau was King of England. Princetonians are proud of the influence which their college has had in the affairs of the nation. Especially was this marked in the Revolutionary struggle. The President, Dr. Witherspoon, was a conspicuous figure in the Continental Congress, and his patriotism could no more be impeached than his orthodoxy.

Among the hundred undergraduates who, in 1770, met in the college yard to protest against the encroachments of the British Government, there were four who afterward became members of the Continental Congress, two of the Constitutional Convention, and eleven of the Federal Congress. That little group contained five distinguished judges, four governors of States, one attorney general, a vice president and a president of the United States. Jonathan Edwards, James Madison and Aaron Burr are some of the names connected with Princeton in the days before it had broadened out into a university.

In the last chapter, entitled "The Princeton Idea," the writer seeks to do away with the impression "that somewhere on the campus is the spot where Jonathan Edwards 'stamped his iron heel,' and that this sacred indentation is the fetish of every true son of Nassau Hall."

There may be some who will be surprised to be told that one of the characteristics of Princeton College is "the utter absence of denominational feeling." The author adds, significantly: "The presence of the leading Presbyterian seminary in the same town has fostered a contrary belief." It is also just to the college to state that the two institutions have no organic connection. S. M. C.

THE MAGAZINES.

We have watched *The Cosmopolitan* with growing admiration for some time, and the wonder is that as it

grows better it becomes cheaper. Already one of the cheapest monthlies, after having established the most perfect plant possessed by any periodical of its kind, and having gained the very front rank among illustrated magazines, it has reduced its price one half. Yet the very number in which this announcement is made contains two new departments, and shows that the magazine is continually improving. The two new departments to which we refer are: (1) "In the World of Art and Letters," and (2) "The Progress of Science." The former promises us brief critiques from the most competent minds in England, France, Germany, and the United States. M. Sarcey's critiques are to be given in French and English. The July number, for which the editors apologize as incomplete, contains in this department work from Andrew Lang, H. H. Boyesen, Agnes Repplier, and Thomas A. Janvier,—certainly a very respectable showing, if fame is any criterion of ability. Another feature of this department is a list of the twenty books deemed by a committee of three the worthiest publications of the month in fiction, science, art, biography, and history. This seems to us a somewhat mechanical device—twenty each month—but in the wide field of taste one must, perhaps, be more or less arbitrary. The five books mentioned under the head "Scientific and Economic" seem to be worthy of their place, if one may judge from a partial knowledge. We think that the selection with which critics would be least satisfied is that of the four books mentioned under the head "Critical."

The other new department, as carried out, is not only new in *The Cosmopolitan* but quite a new departure in American magazine literature, and seems to us a very praiseworthy undertaking. It is "intended to supply the requirement for the latest and most important scientific information, prepared not by one writer who may have a smattering of all the sciences, but by a number of leading scientists who are specialists in their respective fields;" and this information is to be stated in the briefest possible language, to render it available for the general reader. Professors A. E. Dolbear, C. A. Young, and S. C. Tillman, and Mr. G. H. Knight speak for this department in the July number.

We have taken so much space to speak of the new features of *The Cosmopolitan* that we cannot give as extended notice to the excellences of the body of the magazine as we should be glad to. It is profusely and beautifully illustrated, not a few of these little gems of art being alone worth more than the price of the magazine, and the text admirably written. Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen's poem, "The Parley of the Kings," is a delightful bit of modern thought charmingly set in the frame of antiquity, and hav-

ing an indescribable flavor from its setting. Mr. Howells' "Traveler from Altruria" shows that gifted author at his best, and that is saying much. Charles De Kay discusses American Art: the historian, McCrackan, the Swiss Referendum; and there are contributions from Camille Flammarion, Clinton Scollard, Gilbert Parker, Sara Carr Upton, Francois Coppee, Lucy M. Salmon, and other writers, ably representing literature, art, and sociology. The value and variety offered for 13 cents is truly astonishing!

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for July Edward S. Morse, in an article entitled "If Public Libraries, Why Not Public Museums?" makes an earnest plea for museums, and at the same time points out the unavailable character of much of the work of the past in that direction. In this, it seems to us, the chief value of his article lies. In order to awaken a healthy interest in useful museums we must disabuse the public mind of the impression that a collection of odds and ends, of unrelated objects, or of objects the relation between which no pains are taken to make evident, deserves the name and merits the support of a museum.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book mentioned may be obtained by our readers from Unity Publishing Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, by forwarding price named below.

CONSOLATION. By Rev. Chauncey Giles. Philadelphia: American New Church Tract and Pub. Socy. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 187.

WOMAN, CHURCH, AND STATE. By Matilda Joselyn Gage. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 554. \$2.00

CHRISTIAN ACTIVITY: A Sermon. By S. A. Steinthal. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 12-page pamphlet. 1d.

UNITARIANISM: A Sermon. By Rev. Charles Hargrove, M. A. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 16-page pamphlet. 1d.

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL. By George St. Clair, F. G. S. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 30-page pamphlet. 3d.

WE ARE SAVED BY HOPE: A Sermon. By J. E. Manning, M. A. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 12-page pamphlet. 1d.

THE RISE AND DEVELOPMENT OF DOCTRINE OF DEITY OF CHRIST. By S. Fletcher Williams. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 44-page pamphlet. 6d.

THEODORE PARKER AND HIS WORK. By Silas Farrington. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 30-page pamphlet. 2d.

DR. CHANNING AND HIS WORK. By Brooke Herford, D. D. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 24-page pamphlet. 2d.

THE PERFECT PRAYER: Sermon by Frank Walters. London: British and Foreign Unit. Ass'n. 12-page pamphlet. 1d.

Church-Door Pulpit

THE SABBATH AND THE SUNDAY.*

BY REV. CHARLES G. AMES.

"The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath; so that the Son of Man is lord even of the Sabbath."—MARK II. 27, 28.

Jesus was the most radical of radicals, for the most conservative of reasons. Coming not to destroy, but to fulfill, he yet boldly rooted up every plant of tradition which had overgrown and smothered the primary principles of life and reality. The proof of his divinity appears in his fidelity to humanity. He bids us apply to all outward forms and venerable institutions this test: Do they help and serve man? If not, away with them from the face of the earth! The value of everything is in its use; if useless, it is worse than useless; hindering, it is harmful. Not as a reckless anarchist, but as a reverent reformer, did he denounce the usurpations of those religious leaders who sought to build up their own authority, or to fortify religion itself, by hedging about or overlaying the laws of God with the traditions of men.

How like a blaze of light amid obscuring sophistries came this clear word: "The Sabbath was made for man; not man for the Sabbath." To the Pharisees it was an unwelcome saying; yet it was unanswerable. And it gives us a formula which can be applied to the whole apparatus of human institutions, observances and agencies. Scriptures, priests, altars, temples, synagogues, churches, liturgies, governments and laws,—were they not all made for man? Must they not all be interpreted and used in the freedom of the spirit, and not in the bondage of the letter? Any man—the least of these our brethren—is greater than any institution or custom. For man's sake, let every good institution or custom be honored and preserved; for man's sake, let them all be held subordinate to service, and changed or abolished as humanity may need.

The value or sacredness of an institution does not depend on our knowledge or our theory of its origin. Who first made a clock or a watch? We would gladly know and duly honor the inventor; but our estimate of the value of a time-keeper does not depend on the name of its maker.

Historical and comparative studies have not made it easier to believe in miraculous origins; there are too many of them. Did the goddess Ceres, as the Greek story ran, send Triptolemus over the earth to teach the human tribes agriculture and cookery? Perhaps not; but when the handsome fable melts into thin air, we cherish these arts not the less. Did Prometheus first bring fire from

heaven as a gift to mankind? Perhaps not; but the people of this latitude will not therefore banish fire. Did Minos, the Cretan king, learn his laws direct from Jupiter? Did Numa receive laws for Rome from the nymph Egeria? Were the Ten Commandments handed to Moses out of a storm of fire, on tables of stone engraved by the finger of Jehovah? Perhaps not. What matter, so long as all these statutes were "made for man," and were wisely adapted to guide his life and promote his welfare? Religious faith traces every good and perfect gift to one source. The myths which gather around the origin of ancient laws are poetic testimonies to human reverence and gratitude. They express a true conviction that all high wisdom is a revelation; that every good thing is of God.

The word "sabbath" means simply a stopping, a pause, a *rest*. The word ought not to drop out of use. It is a good, sweet word; it stands for a good, sweet thing, however it began.

The division of time into weeks of seven days is older than written history. In Genesis, the Hebrew poem of beginnings, we are told that the setting apart of the seventh day commemorates the rest which the Creator took at the end of his six days' work. Read other accounts, and you may conclude, as I do, that the changes of the moon first suggested this measurement of time by weeks. In the 20th of Exodus, the reason given to the Israelites for observing the seventh day, is because on that day the Lord rested. In the 23d chapter, the Sabbath legislation is put on the grounds of humanity. "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest; that thine ox and thine ass may have rest, and the son of thy handmaid, and the stranger may be refreshed." In the 5th of Deuteronomy the same reason is given; the Sabbath is to be a relief for the hardship of labor for man and beast, and especially "that thy man-servant and thy maid-servant may rest as well as thou. And thou shalt remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and the Lord God brought thee out." The weekly holiday was thus made to celebrate the emancipation of the people from the toils of slavery.

Did the Day of Rest originate by supernatural appointment, or as a lunar festival, or as a humane observance? No great matter which; it was a good thing; it was "made for man." We ought to get over thinking that some good things are divine and others human. Their goodness makes them all divine, and it ought to make them all human. We must have respect enough for the Creator to believe that his will and his law include all that is best for his creatures. If the Day of Rest has proved a benefit to mankind, why should we not accept it as we accept the opportunities of the other six days; and why should not they, too, be hal-

lowed as equally sacred for their proper uses?

God legislates for man through man's own faculties and experiences, as well as in the whole, large order of nature. Enlightened reason is itself a revelation, which no man may innocently or safely disregard. Humanity at its best represents divinity, and our common sense reads the law of duty in our situation and our needs as plainly as we read the commandments in a book.

The Day of Rest has verified its value by its benefits. It stands solidly on its merits, just like the school, the courts of justice, or the alphabet, and the use of coal and iron. If a part of our people undervalue or abuse any of the blessings of civilization, or throw away any good thing that has come down to us among the costly gains of history, it is surely a step backward toward barbarism. They are the losers, and not they alone, for they impair the great common inheritance of mankind. We must preserve the Day of Rest, because "it was made for man," and because man cannot spare it without injury to himself.

But the Sabbath is not superior to man; he is its lord and master, and he plays the fool when he does not compel the day to yield its finest benefits. Like all other institutions and customs of historic origin and growth, it has certain relations to his nature and his needs; its uses must be determined by his circumstances, and partly by his social state. External usages must change with changing conditions, else man is cramped, and becomes "the victim of his tools." As we must never hesitate to put a good thing in the place of a poor thing, so must we never hesitate to put a better thing in place of a good one.

I believe the early Christians held this theory about the Day of Rest, and that the change from the seventh day of the week to the first would have been impossible had they felt rigidly bound by the letter of the Old Testament. The Jewish Sabbath, which was perhaps, at one period, a joyous day, had become a weariness to flesh and spirit. In their zeal to save it from desecration the guardians of the law had overlaid it with petty and vexatious restrictions, some of which were practically inhuman, as we can see from the censures leveled against Jesus as a Sabbath breaker when he healed the sick and bade the paralytic take up his couch and walk, or justified his disciples for harvesting a handful of wheat when they were hungry.

When the gospel of Christ spread among the Gentiles, no injunctions were laid on the converts to observe any kind of Sabbath except the rest of the spirit. Paul declared for entire freedom in this matter. "One man esteemeth one day above another; another man esteemeth every day alike. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." He denounced all attempts to carry over

*A sermon preached in the Church of the Disciples, Boston, June 11, 1893.

into the Christian community any of the Jewish national usages. "Let no man judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a feast day, or a new moon, or a Sabbath day, which are a shadow of the things to come."

In these two passages Paul dismisses the Sabbath question with indifference, for not another reference to it can be found in the Epistles which bear his name or in the reports of his preaching. Nor is the day once mentioned in the Epistles of Peter, James and John; and in the Acts it appears only as the day in which the Jews were accustomed to meet in their synagogues—a custom which gave the apostles, who were also Jews, an opportunity to preach of Jesus as the expected Messiah.

How then did Sunday come into the Christian Church as the successor of the sacred seventh day of the Jews? It is easy to answer. The new doctrine produced a new life; the new life produced new customs. But gradually, not all at once. Faith in Jesus took the lead of faith in Moses, without wholly displacing the old. The tomb of the Crucified had been found empty on the morning of "the first day of the week," and on that day he showed himself alive to his awe-stricken friends. It was the date of a new creation, the beginning of a new order for humanity. With no thought of instituting a new Sabbath, they yet grew indifferent to the old one, and the non-Jewish Christians naturally celebrated the resurrection by holding their meetings on the first day of the week, which half a century later was called the "Lord's Day." But its observance was not binding; they kept it in freedom and love, all the more gladly because it was *not* required, because it was no part of that burdensome yoke of the law which they gradually gathered courage to throw off.

On the day of the resurrection they met in the early morning and sang a hymn, "Awake, thou that sleepest! Arise from the dead! And Christ shall shine upon thee; and He shall give thee light!" Generally, they joined in the breaking of bread. Then they went to their usual occupations. Many of them, being of Jewish stock, kept up their old custom of resting on the seventh day; but no such obligation was ever laid on the Gentile converts, who soon made the greater part of the church.

The "Lord's Day," though mentioned but once in the New Testament (Rev. i. 10), naturally became more and more a day of repose for all who could spare the time,—a high day of instruction and fellowship, of song and worship, a festival of freedom and joy. Of course it took on a religious meaning; it emphasized the sweet privilege of keeping every day holy unto the Lord, and thus converting all life into a happy privilege, a heavenly blessing, and a type of "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

So the Christian Sabbath grew and

made its own place, and made it "for man." If the Church had not taken up the custom of devoting one day to rest and worship, and if the best features of the older Sabbath and its synagogue had not been taken up into the next day, Christianity would have been so far inferior to Judaism. In its own defense and in justice to its own people, it could not do less than lift its day of rest and worship into honor. Besides, the free and humane spirit of Jesus himself passed into the observance of the day. He had made a sick man well; he had brushed away the hard and soulless traditions; he had walked abroad through the field of growing grain with his company of disciples; and he had said, "The Sabbath was made for man; not man for the Sabbath." His whole aim was to liberate, heal, comfort, cheer and uplift.

But the early Gentile Christians, whose congregations were scattered over the Roman Empire, were mostly of the poorer class, and many of them were slaves. Whether they went to meeting early or late, they were obliged to spend most of the day in work. Sunday labor was not prohibited by any rule of the Church any more than by the civil law.

Another fact may have contributed to the change. The new faith was bitterly hated by the Jewish leaders. In the free teaching of Jesus concerning the Sabbath they saw a reflection upon themselves. The Christians saw in the rigid observance of the day a reflection upon their Master; nor could they forget that the men who murdered him were a party to that rigid observance. Every seventh day they were reminded of that sad seventh day when his body lay in the tomb; and many of them spent it in fasting, holding their very joy in check till the dawn of "the first day of the week," when he burst the bonds of death. Thus a chasm opened between the holiday of the Jews and the holiday of the Christians; they stood for two circles of thought and feeling. The new wine needed a new bottle. And the reproaches brought by the Judaizing Christians against their brethren, who did not observe the whole law of Moses, may have operated in favor of some sort of Sabbath.

The substance of it all is given in a few sentences by Dr. Hase, whose "Church History" was translated from the German by James Freeman Clarke. Dr. Hase says that during the first century, "in the Jewish Christian congregations, the Jewish sabbath and festivals were observed," while "only in congregations composed principally of Greeks could the members be induced to observe Sunday in commemoration of our Lord's resurrection." During the second century, "Sunday remained a joyful festival, in which all fasting and worldly business was avoided as much as possible; but the original commandment of the Decalogue respecting the sabbath was not then applied

to that day." In the fourth century, Constantine, the first Christian Emperor, ordered that on Sunday "all worldly employment should cease, except works of necessity in the field, and the manumission of slaves."

Thus it appears that nearly three hundred years were required to complete the change from the seventh day to the first, and to secure for that change a legal recognition. But before the Christian era the Roman people had adopted the division of the month into weeks; and the first day of the week was named in honor of the sun, which had anciently been an object of worship. It was both easy, natural, and fitting that the prevailing sentiment of reverence should be transferred to Christ, as the true Light of the World, and so to make the Day of the Sun the Day of the Lord. It was also easy, natural and fitting that the Western nations, though imperfectly converted from paganism, should fall into the useful and beautiful custom of resting one day in seven.

Thus the Christian Sunday grew.

We have seen that the early church did not at first regard the observance of Sunday as an obligation; it was taken up freely and by degrees, as a privilege; in time it acquired authority, because of its value. If it grew binding afterward, it was because all customs tend to become fixed, and because the church acquired political influence and power to stamp its usages as public law. Later, the rigid sabbath legislation of the Old Testament was applied to the new day, especially by the Puritans and other Protestants, from whom our own traditions have descended. But Luther and other reformers stoutly resisted the tendency and demanded the same liberty of judgment which Paul had vindicated.

Our present Sunday laws, as interpreted by the courts, do not rest on theological grounds; they rest on considerations of public policy and general welfare. If the mass of our people wish to set apart from labor and business the Fourth of July or Decoration Day, the Legislature so provides for the public pleasure and convenience. As the mass of the people also find it for their relief and advantage to rest one day in seven, the law sets apart that day which is already hallowed by the prevailing sentiment. The law does not confirm nor contradict those who believe that Sunday observance is an appointment of God; it does not deal with such questions; it makes the Sabbath "for man," and on purely human grounds. And it respects the consciences of Jews and Seventh-Day Baptists.

Because the day is for man, man must keep it, or it will be the worse for him. If God did not rest, we must. The breaking down of Sunday would be a fearful calamity to society, and especially to all who work with muscle or with brain. It is the opinion of medical men that

the giving up of Sunday rest, or its equivalent, would materially shorten human life. The mental change, even the change of garments, brings a sense of refreshment. Life gains both in quantity and in quality by this regular interval of repose, this slackening of the tension and the strain. To the families which make all days alike, month after month, year after year, life becomes monotonous and weary, a round of drudgery, a landscape of sand. To abolish Sunday would make certain a vast increase of insanity and suicide.

The true idea of rest is restoration, recovery, repair. And the whole man needs refreshment. We can put the day to higher uses than mere bodily repose; the body itself needs to be uplifted by the wings of the spirit. The Sunday is lost if it does not put us in tune, so that all days may yield a sweeter and richer harmony. The Sunday is a great humanizer. Emerson calls it "the jubilee of the whole world, whose light dawns welcome alike into the closet of the philosopher, into the garret of toil, and into prison cells, everywhere suggesting, even to the vile, the dignity of spiritual being."

It is not to the laws of the State; it is to our own happy sense of need and of blessing, that we owe the impulse which brings us together in companies, to meet each other as spirits, to hold these precious festivals of the mind and heart, and to cultivate kindly respect and sympathy and reverence for our common duties. Why should not we, as well as the old Hebrews, call our Day of Rest "a delight, the holy of the Lord, and honorable"? How deeply and sadly those children are wronged who are allowed to grow up and miss all these fine impressions and pure associations, as millions do!

We wish, indeed, to escape from that kind of Sunday observance which makes the day burdensome and depressing; but we shall best do this, not by lowering the use of the day, but by raising it; by making it a school of spiritual culture, and a welcome reminder of those realities which give life all its dignity and sweetness, and for which we find too little room and too little relish amid the rush of week-day activities, excitements and agitations. We do well to shake ourselves free of gloomy or stupid traditions of Sabbath-keeping; but we cannot afford to miss the best of all opportunities for bodily and mental refreshment, invigoration and uplifting.

The other six days must be the test of our use of the Sunday. Those who spend it in a carouse, and go to their work on Monday morning all the worse for it, are not the only ones who waste a good opportunity. On the other hand, I know of some who say that this day always brings them instructions, meditations, influences, and fellowships which help them to live with more cheer and courage through the whole week. Is not this

a habit worth cultivating? Would it not lift up all days and put new meaning into life itself?

The century has witnessed some changes for the better, and some for the worse. The Sabbath idea has been humanized; the old cloud of gloom has lifted from the day; the theory of Sunday laws has been cleared of theological implications and conformed more nearly to American ideas of religious liberty. But, in resisting this rational change instead of leading it, some of the Protestants have unintentionally helped the reaction toward laxity, and have widened the chasm between the churches and the workingmen. They have weakened the hold of the day on the affection and reverence of the people by putting into their demand for its observance some of the spirit of the Pharisees. Imagine St. Paul as threatening that God would let loose the cholera upon mankind unless they honored him by observing the first day of the week—as if the day were for him rather than for them!

As to the opening or closing of the Columbian Exposition on Sunday, the original issue has been confused by those who have made it a question of what is due to God rather than of what is best for man. It might have been discussed as a matter of expediency, about which something true could be said on both sides. There were considerations of interest and of sentiment to be balanced; considerations of the rights of exhibitors, the welfare of employes, and the wishes of the general public. On the score of respect for the law and fair dealing with Congress, the managers do not appear to advantage; but the kind of clamor raised by some of the religious people, along with their attempt to carry their point by menace, and to employ the power of the Government in enforcing their views on those who do not share them, cannot be said to make up a handsome record.

However it ends, the net result of this unseemly struggle must foot up as a loss both to the Exposition and to the cause of religion. The Church has put on exhibition its own lack of human sympathy, spiritual insight and moral power. It has missed and spoiled a great opportunity. The Fair itself should have experienced religion, should have been converted to God. Had American Christianity been equal to the occasion, it would have interpreted the Fair as a powerful parable, teaching the lessons of brotherhood to capital and labor, teaching the sanctity of genius and of the resources of civilization, and proclaiming to glad millions that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; and He hath given it to the children of men." Not the most imposing cathedral service could so impress the multitudes with the wisdom and goodness of the Deity in nature and humanity as the Sunday opening at Chicago might have done,

had the Church remembered that "the Sabbath was made for man," and given the signal for the anthem, "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise!"

There is a saying that "nothing goes against the grain." The ultra sabbatarian party rubs the temper of the non-Christian public the wrong way, and so defeats its own object. The Day of Rest might well cry out, "Save me from my friends!" It is doubtful whether the cause of true religion has gained anything since the time of Constantine by the methods which put law first and persuasion second. Whoever cares for the bodies and souls of his fellow-creatures must wish to preserve the sabbath. But is it not clear that a modification of our Sunday customs has been brought about in the interest of humanity, and by the needs of modern life? Yet it has been resisted at every stage.

A few years ago, in a company of ministers, when one of their number argued in favor of letting the street cars, the common people's coaches, run every day of the week, he was spoken of as "the gentleman who takes the devil's side of the question." The Sunday opening of libraries and museums and the running of suburban trains for public convenience were opposed with the same blind disregard to the needs of modern life; and it really looked as if some of the ministers were disposed to say to the people, "If you will not go to church, you shall not go anywhere else. The city poor must stay in their alleys through the heats of summer and keep quiet. They shall not profane the holy day by a breath of country air." But have not the people who are outside the churches, and who do not choose to be inside, some rights which the rest of us are bound to respect?

The Sabbath was made for man. For man let us use it. Let us keep it fresh and fair and sweet and sacred for ourselves; let us study how it may be made a blessing to our households and to the whole community. There should be ungrudging allowance for whatever amount of work, business or travel may be suited to the complex needs of society or reasonably adapted to promote human welfare and happiness; also for escape from constraint and discomfort, for natural freedom of movement, for friendly intercourse and the play of hospitality.

But all sorts and conditions of men and women may well cry out for a *minimum* of the common burdens of toil and care; for a *minimum*, too, of disquiet and noise and public parade and feverish excitement! And why not also for a *maximum* of facilities for getting away from the conditions that depress and exhaust and consume; a *maximum* of facilities for getting nearer to the things that refresh and cheer and refine—the things

that speak to us of the True, the Beautiful and the Good!

Surely if the church knows its business it will use the Sunday as a lever for lifting the whole community out of vulgar and sordid materialism toward the higher levels of intelligent virtue. It will not censure but utilize the cravings of great multitudes in our cities for cheerful music, for wholesome spectacles, for innocent out-of-door activities, for access to Nature, and for every kind of relaxation which a free people judge to be best for themselves. The tendency to convert the Sunday into a pandemonium and a horror of license is not to be checked by a return to austerity and arbitrary restriction, but by a sympathetic approach to the better side of human nature, and by favoring every just demand of modern life for its own relief and expansion.

For my part, how gladly would I see our Protestant places of worship thronged on Sunday mornings, as the Roman Catholic churches are, with multitudes who enjoy both their religious services and afternoon recreations! We have partly lost our hold on our own people by their natural reaction from the non-Christian rigidity of the old New England Sunday. And now, since we must compete with the Sunday paper and the bicycle and the excursion and the labor unions, let us not repeat the old folly of appealing to the civil law and the constable, or to the stern example of Nehemiah. Let us rather do what still remains possible to draw the people to the house of prayer by giving them fair reason to believe that the freedom of the gospel of Jesus, the vision of truth, the brotherhood of hearts in love with the best things, and the repose of the soul of man on the perfection of the good God who made him, are, after all, the supreme attractions of the universe.

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- FRI.—It is not so much opportunity as fidelity which conducts to the greatest results.
- SAT.—Truth and love are necessary to each other. Neither will suffice alone.

—James Freeman Clarke.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

Sometimes our pleasures turn to pain
 Within this world so bright and fair;
 Creation's smiles are all in vain
 With hope enslaved to dull despair.
 Sweet music still is ever near,
 Will we but give the list'ning ear.

We miss the flowers' perennial bloom,
 Scattered so brightly on our way,
 Filling the air with sweet perfume,
 Distilled and brought from common clay.
 Drive ev'ry phantom from thy breast!
 God guides our wand'ring thoughts to rest.

We magnify the smallest ill,
 Until each speck seems mountain high;
 Obedient to that subtle will
 We pass the daily blessing by.
 Oh, coward Heart, shake off thy fear!
 God's mighty power is ever near.

J. W. H.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

There is a man at the Great Northern who is in love with his wife, but stranger than this is the fact that he fell in love with her after they had been married over thirty years. It was a case of love at first sight on the part of both when they first met years ago. She was a good and beautiful woman and loved him truly. He had been "rather wild," and his regard for her was more a matter of the imagination. Impulsively he proposed marriage and was accepted. At least this is the way one of the children tells the story. After the glamor of the honeymoon had worn off and her continuous and unsolicited

manifestations of affection had begun to pall upon his ennuied soul, he returned to the companions and pleasures of the pre-marital period. She clung to him for some time and then left him to return to her parents, thinking that this act would bring him to his senses and her feet again. It did neither. Untrammelled, he plunged more wildly into the vortex of social life in Berlin, Germany, their home. His eyesight had always been weak. The disorder was increased by his irregular hours and life, until finally their light went out, as he and his friends supposed, forever.

The wife came back to him then and nursed him. She was his constant companion and ministered to him in the gratification of every whim and caprice. She became his sight; the light of his life. She was his amanuensis; she read aloud to him; she guided his steps through the thoroughfares; at the theaters she told him what the actors and the scenes looked like. A trained and accomplished vocalist, she sang to him in the twilight.

Children came and blessed their home, and she told which was the fair-haired and which the dark-haired one, and drew word pictures so true that he almost knew their faces. Only as the years went by his wife's face changed. She told him that the color had gone from her cheeks, that silver threads were distinct among the black tresses. He shook his head and smiled; there was one bright face he could always see; her young face, but around it and back of it was the darkness of his own life. When she sang her voice was the same, and he could not believe her face had changed.

When their children were men and women a celebrated oculist of Berlin undertook to restore his sight, though many eminent specialists had failed. After awhile he saw that there was light; then he could distinguish blurred objects. About this time his wife was taken ill with some throat complaint. She had sung a great deal. A surgical operation became necessary to save her life, but she lost her voice, even the power of speech.

The sight of the husband improved. At last he could see. He was confined in a dark room out of which he was brought by degrees. His children, whom he had never seen, were brought to him—and another, a middle-aged, matronly woman, with gray hair. It was his wife. He conjured before him the vision of the young woman he had neglected and to whom he would bow in adoration and love for her constancy and devotion. This woman was not the wife he loved, and her voice, which was the one physical link between the present and the past, was gone.

So she stood a stranger before the husband for whom she had sacrificed all the pleasures that are dear in life. There seemed to be no reward for

duty done, for love lavished, for devotion unexcelled; but the children called her "mother," and he had pity on the voiceless being whose eyes pleaded for some return of the great love she had given him. And pity is akin to love, and he was grateful. So now the father and the mother and the children are here, their first outing as a family in years, to see the Fair.

The name of the man who was blind for so long is Otto Berger. The family has been in the city for over a week.

—Inter-Ocean.

RUSKIN'S TENDER HEART.

Kindness to animals has often been noted as one of the most striking traits of Mr. Ruskin,—a sympathy with them which goes much deeper than benevolent sentiment or the curiosity of science. He cared little about their organization and anatomy, much about their habits and character. * * *

He founded the Society of Friends of Living Creatures, which he addressed in his capacity of, not President, but "Papa." The members, boys and girls from seven to fifteen, promised not to kill nor hurt any animal for sport, nor tease creatures, but to make friends of their pets and watch their habits, and collect facts about natural history.

I remember, on one of the rambles at Coniston, in the early days, how we found a wounded buzzard—one of the few creatures of the eagle kind that our English mountains still breed. The rest of us were not very ready to go near the beak and talons of the fierce-looking, and, as we supposed, desperate bird. Mr. Ruskin quietly took it up in his arms, felt it over to find the hurt, and carried it quite unresistingly out of the way of dogs and passers-by to a place where it might die in solitude or recover in safety. He often told his Oxford hearers that he would rather they learned to love birds than to shoot them; and his wood and mow were harbors of refuge for hunted game or "vermin," and his windows the rendezvous of the little birds.

—Collingwood's Life and Work of John Ruskin.

THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
 And blow the birds about the sky;
 And all around I heard you pass,
 Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
 O wind, a blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
 But always you yourself you hid,
 I felt you push, I heard you call,
 I could not see yourself at all—
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song

—Selected.

HOW JOHNNY GOES TO SLEEP.

I used to wish I was grown up,
Or at least as big as Fred,
For he can stay down stairs at night
When I am sent to bed.

They think that I will go to sleep;
But I just lie there and think,
And I've often felt 'twas *very late*
Before I've slept a wink.

But one night Mamma told about
Some pretty, snow-white sheep,
That bounded o'er a low stone wall
And down a grassy steep.

And I like to lie and think of them,
And watch them as they go
Over the wall and down the hill,
Their fleeces white as snow.

How fast, and yet how still, they go;
I count fast as I can,
For as many as I count I'll own
When I'm a grown-up man.

I count them bounding o'er the wall—
I think that's eleven, or ten;
But Mamma says I must count fair,
So I'll begin again,

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
eight—

My pretty woolly sheep—
Nine, ten,—the first I know
I find I'm fast asleep.

—Mary E. Sly, in the Cup Bearer.

THEY WEAR VEILS.

The oddest things to be seen in the streets of Colorado Springs are horses decked with veils. We have grown accustomed to the jaunty little hats worn by many horses in our towns to protect them from the heat of the sun. We can even see an umbrella fastened over their heads without surprise, but a veil gives to the noble beast a dandyish look that is very droll. Some of these veils, belonging to fine saddles, are mere fringes of fine strips of leather that hang before the eyes; others are pieces of mosquito netting drawn tightly back and fastened like a lady's nose veil; but the most stylish and altogether effective are of netting drawn over a hoop which holds it away from the eyes, yet completely protects them. These exaggerated goggles give the gravest horse a waggish look. The veils are not worn for fashion's sake. They are indeed a stern necessity, and the comfort, if not even the life, of the horse demands it. Colorado, with all its great attractions, has one plague—the plague of flies. Flies of all sizes, from the least up to the enormous blue-bottle, are everywhere. Most parts of his body the horse can himself protect if not deprived of his tail, but his eyes he cannot, and these delicate organs are special objects of attack by the fly tribe. It is the least a man can do to provide a protecting veil for his most faithful servant.

—Our National Issue.

Notes from the Field

Chicago, Ill.—Among recent visitors at the World's Fair have been a number of liberal ministers from a distance, including W. R. Alger of New York, A. W. Martin of the Tacoma Free Church, J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor, editor of the *Unitarian*, Misses Marian Murdock and Florence Buck, the new pastors of the Cleveland Unitarian Church, who are en route from Oxford, England, to Miss Murdock's home in the West, Rev. A. M. Judy of Davenport, Iowa, Rev. W. I. Nichols of Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. C. A. Staples of Lexington, Mass., Rev. Dr. Thomas Kerr of Rockford, Ill., Rev. Joseph Wassall of Windsor, Vt., and Rev. E. M. Wilbur of Portland, Oregon.

Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones preached at the World's Fair last Sunday afternoon on "Character."

New York, N. Y.—The Baron de Hirsch Trade School for the benefit, primarily, of Jewish immigrants, is doing an admirable work, is full to overflowing, and has at the same time the hearty support of employers and trade unions, with which it co-operates.

England.—In last week's paper we had occasion to suggest the advantages of substitution over prohibition as promotive of temperance. Mr. Joseph Bentley, at the World's Congress on Temperance, read a paper from which we quote the following: "Its rapid growth may be judged by the amount of capital which it is estimated is invested in coffee-houses, temperance restaurants, and hotels in Great Britain and Ireland. The sum probably exceeds two millions of pounds sterling, the number of establishments 7,000, and the persons directly employed 56,000."

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"Evening attractions are made a special study. Newspapers and periodicals are on the tables a piano is a requisite piece of furniture; in some cases concerts, entertainments, and debates are arranged. Games of skill, such as chess, draughts, and billiards, are provided and encouraged; for here they can be practiced apart from drink, gambling, profanity, and bad company, with which they are too often associated elsewhere."

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The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

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ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

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